THOMAS PRINTZ' PRIVATE BULLETIN

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Beloved Children:

We devote the Bulletin, this week, to a continuation of My Beloved Kuthumi's Report of the activities in Shamballa during this Holy Season and ask that you take His words and counsel into the secret place in your haerts and there allow them to fecundate and grow until they blossom forth as the flowers and perfume of your soul's growth. Beloved ones, any Master of Wisdom may sow spiritual seeds in your soul, but you alone are responsible for the nourishment and bringing forth of the harvest.

Blessings and Love,

MAHA CHOHAN

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BELOVED KUTHUMI'S REPORT - continued

Beloved ones, some of the individuals who were present when Sanat Kumara, at Cosmic Council, told the people of Venus of His decision to help the Earth, offered to leave the vibratory action of a Star where only happiness, harmony and perfection were expressed, incarnate through human bodies, and grow up in the atmosphere, climate, environment and radiation of a humanity which had sunk so low that the Cosmic Law considered it no longer wise to sustain the planet itself in the solar system.

Think you of that sacrifice! From the planet Venus it was easy to look upon this shadow star, but being willing to take embodiment upon her and become part of her evolution, so to speak, was quite another matter. Yet these people were willing to make that sacrifice so that there might be a fitting place for their Beloved Lord to dwell on the Earth when He should come.

Now remember, the original Shamballa was established on Venus - magnificent beyond all words to describe. In it dwelt the beautiful Lady Venus, Beloved Sanat Kumara, Beloved Meta and the other Kumaras. From here They directed the government and religious activities of Their Star. The people about to incarnate upon Earth had to imprint upon their consciousnesses and etheric bodies a picture of Shamballa as it was on Venus. Then, coming through the gross bodies of the people of Earth, they awoke to infant form. Having taken on the certain heritage of race and national karma, and having voluntarily accepted the 'bonds of forgetfulness' which are part of the heritage of this race, they had to grow to maturity and begin to draw from their intuitive memories the picture and design of the City they had left.

Drawn together by the bonds of interest in one cause, these people began the work of finding the right location for the beautiful City which was to be the home of their Lord. Their next task was to find the material of which it was to be built, and by the labor of their own hands design from the marble and stone the vision which they held within their minds.

It was not very different from that which

you are doing today. There were no clouds of celestial glory. There were no coming and going of visible Angelic Beings. There was only the vision held within the minds of about one hundred people. You must remember too that they were not all born within the vicinity of the Gobi Sea. Some of them, even as you, crossed great seas and continents, drawn by the magnetic pull of what they thought perhaps was a dream, hoping to find others of like mind and heart. They came together as strangers, of different families, of different races, but became bound one to another by this ephemeral dream. Then, joining their energies and believing in their vision, they commenced their colossal task.

More than once during that period, beloved ones, (you have worked about eighteen years - they worked over nine hundred) after they had built strong foundations for their temples, laid with care the wide streets and planted the small saplings that were to grow into magnificent trees - more than once, when they had it all set out, great hordes of untrained and savage members of the human race descended from the hills and wiped out every living soul and all their work. When they came again into embodiment, they found only the ruins of their dream and pattern left, and they stooped and brushed away the rubble and started again. Then one day, working against time, mind, for there was a cosmic moment beyond which the great Cosmic Law would not allow the Earth any more energy and Sanat Kumara would have to come whether they were ready or not - the City was completed.

Finally, as you have heard, the great Star stood in Its perfect place, which was a signal

to them of The Coming, and from Venus the Beloved Sanat Kumara, having bade 'adieu' to His Beloved Complement and all of His people, descended into a Temple so magnificent that the like of it has never been seen on the Earth either before or since.

There, in the presence of that humble few who had constancy enough to live, and die, and live again, and never give up a vision - there He manifested the Immortal Threefold Flame of God which you honor this night, and there began the reign of the Lord of the World. There began the great nucleus of the White Brotherhood which has been the salvation of the race. There was established the magnetic force that drew from the millions of sleeping souls of mankind even a few who, in their turn, became the Elder Brothers and Sisters who were drawn into Shamballa and sent forth again at various periods by the Lord of the World to give the people of Earth the assistance they required in order to sustain them upon their upward progress even unto this present day.

You think sometimes, Beloved ones, (for We see clearly with the inner sight) that a comparatively few undeveloped lifestreams can scarcely be the foundation of a World Order. Yet it has always been thus (the humble, it seems, are always the believing) it is always the constant few who do establish and do sustain those activities which are of benefit and blessing to the masses.

Tonight, looking upon Shamballa blazing in the ethers surrounded by a glorious sapphire sea, it would look to you like a glorious sun

surrounded by iridescent colors like mother of pearl that blend at their outer edges into the natural blue of the horizon. As you stand on the etheric mainland waiting for the procession to begin over the etheric replica of that marble bridge which was once a visible, tangible, physical reality, you will see the great beautiful minarets and the golden domes of the temples of the City. As you look upon that bridge and see its intricate carving and the lovely colored banners that are waving from the statuary upon the top of it, think for a moment of how many holy and blessed and sacred feet have crossed that bridge to the Sacred Island.

The procession is starting now on the mainland and will proceed in order of cosmic rank, we will say, toward the Temple of Sanat Kumara Himself in the Heart of Shamballa.

All of the laughing gathered throng have removed themselves now in silence from the heart of the City and are waiting for the presentation of the 'sheaves of accomplishment'.

Those individual 'sheaves' stand within the Causal Body of every lifestream, as I have said before, from the greatest Elohim and Archangel to the very smallest elemental in the procession.

Beloved Kuthumi's description of the Procession and Ceremony at Shamballa is concluded in Bulletin No. 37.